

GAGS

SEPT. 10¢

MLP



Medill

IN THIS ISSUE

over 100 cartoons, gags and games galore

Gagoofy	Gagadoo	Lines on a Limb	Handkerchief Gag
Fil-a-gag	Song Gag	Knock-Knock Gag	Party Gags

AND MORE



THEY MUST BE GAG WHEELS



Extry!



FIRST TIME IN HISTORY!

Yes, you are one of the first persons ever to see this phenomenon. It's an X-ray picture of the inside of the editor's head—taken after the thirty-ninth consecutive night of burning the midnight oil thinking up Gags and jokes.

So that you'll get the general idea of how the inside of his head works, hold this book as indicated then rotate it in the path of a circle, and watch his wheels go round and round. Watch also the cussedness of the guy, for you'll find that all the wheels don't go around in the same direction. By the way, let your own wheels go around until you spin out a letter to the poor overworked editor, telling him what you like—and what you wish would be improved—about GAGS, your favorite fun magazine.

GAGS, 731 Plymouth Ct., Chicago

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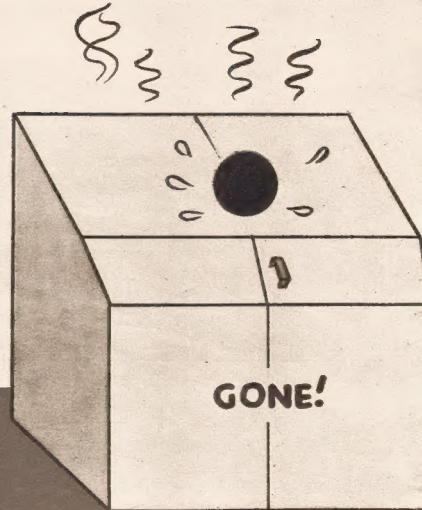
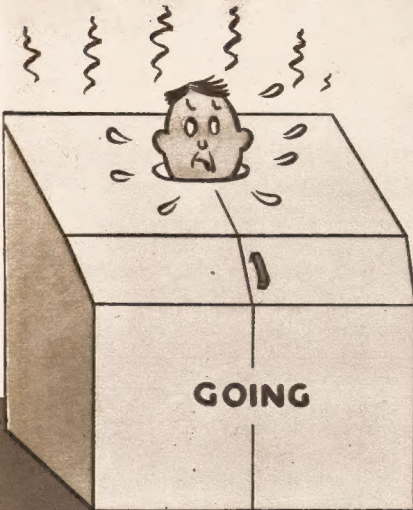
Why be a Peeping Tom?

Here is your chance to get an exclusive preview of MISS AMERICA, 1942. And a view of her in an intimate moment even the Atlantic City Judges won't see. Knock on this door three times, sharp and fast, so she can't scamper to cover — turn the page to open the door and — meet Miss America, '42!



WHAT THE HELL
DO YOU WANT?!





"I feel like a new man!"

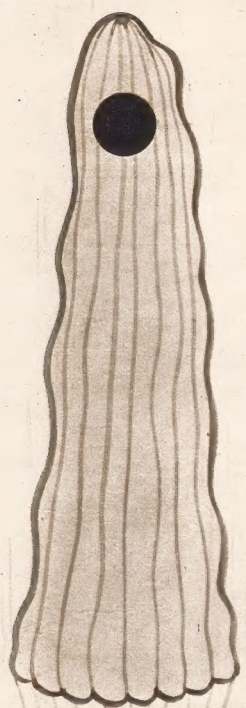


"My wife insists on selecting my secretaries—but she lets me hire the scrubwoman!"



"I'm Philip Morris—I understand somebody's been calling me"

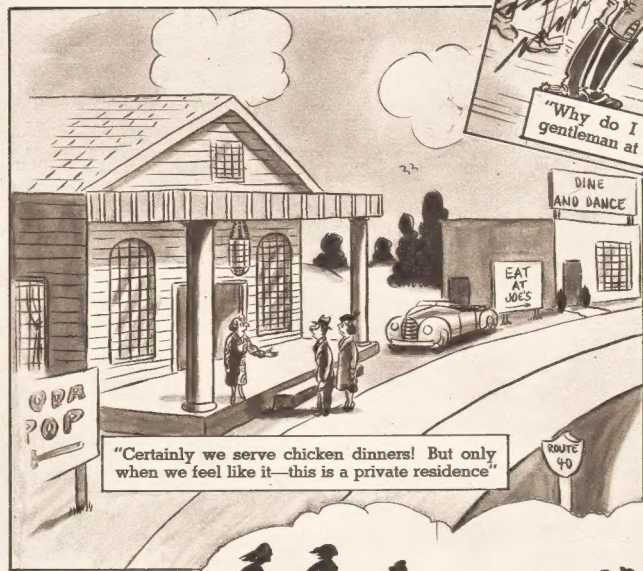
X



"Of course, I see it!—The way you've been drinking I expected it!"



"Why do I have to meet a gentleman at a time like this!"



"Certainly we serve chicken dinners! But only when we feel like it—this is a private residence."



"... 182 ... 183 ... 184 ... Egad, I hope I don't fall asleep"

"A heck of a life we're leading since Maw got those Hollywood ideas!"



FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST LAWRENCE LARIAR

Whistler was observed by an artist friend talking to a very ragged little newsboy. As he approached the great man, the friend noticed that the boy was as dirty a specimen of newsboy as he had ever seen—the kid was literally covered with dirt.

Whistler had just asked him a question, and the boy answered: "Yes, sir—I've been sellin' papers for four years."

"How old are you?" inquired Whistler.

"Seven, sir."

"Oh, you must be more than that."

"No, sir, I ain't."

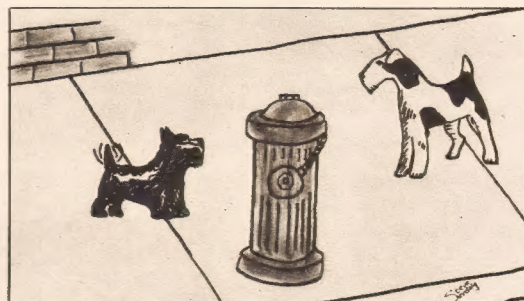
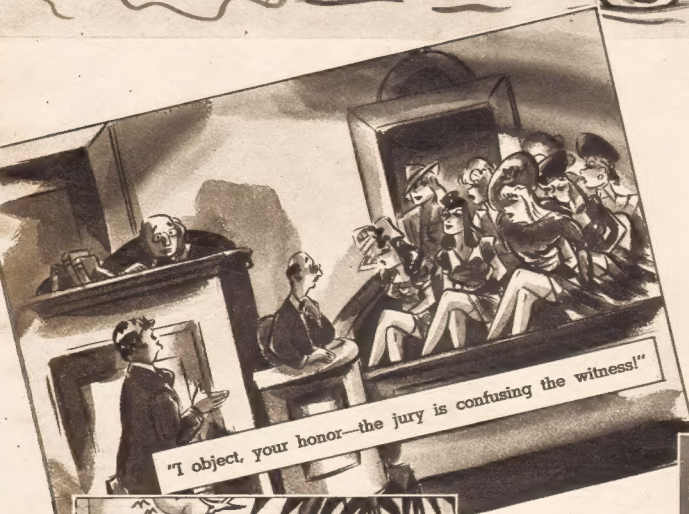
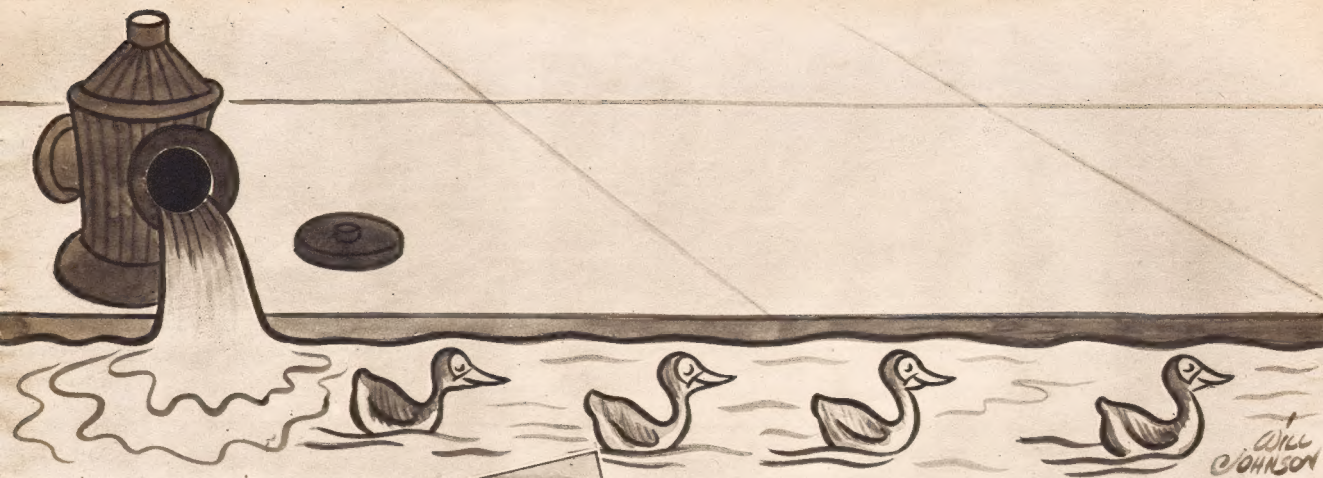
Whistler turned and addressed his friend, who had overheard the conversation: "I don't think he could get that dirty in seven years; do you?"



"Quick, Brownie—look back and tell me if I've made it!"



Bride: "Now I lay me down to sleep"



"After you, my dear Macduff"

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST TED PETOK

Ruppert Rabinowitz was walking proudly down the avenue, very smartly clothed and flashing expensive jewelry. Suddenly he bumped into an old pal.

"How come all de prosperity, Ruppert?"

"De result of a very interesting experiment, mine frand. One night I'm slipping, also I'm dreaming all night long from de number seven. And again de next night I'm slipping, also I'm dreaming from de number seven. So I multiplied seven times seven, which is forty-two. Den I bought mineself a lottery ticket number forty-two and I won de grand prize—\$75,000."

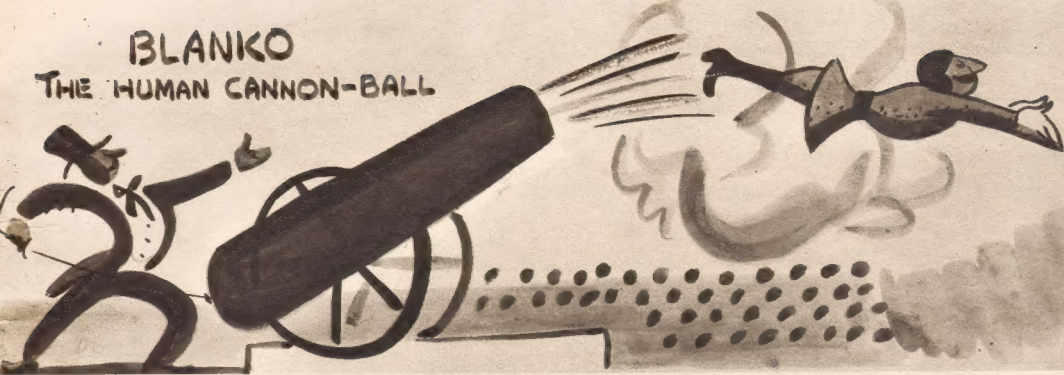


"Schlemiel you," shot back the friend. "Seven times seven ain't forty-two—it's forty-nine!"

"All right, you should have the education," smiled Ruppert, as he strolled on.



BLANKO THE HUMAN CANNON-BALL



ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY — ANNUAL CONVENTION —



FOLD-A-GAG. Just fold this page from right to left along the dotted line to get the next episode

"What has she got that we haven't got?"

PRINCE ALI BLAKE

HE WILL HELP YOU GET A HUSBAND
THROUGH HIS CRYSTAL BALL



ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY — ANNUAL CONVENTION —



"She sells only de-nicotinized cigars and cigarettes and is attracting a lot of new members"

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUT- ING CARTOONIST MEDILL LOEBNER

Many are the funny jibes that have been poked at train conductors on slow trains, but the prize one is that attributed to Artemus Ward. His jibe was in the form of advice to the conductor of a southern railroad train soon after the Civil War. The train was traveling at an unusually slow rate of speed even for those days. This was due to the terrible condition the railroad had fallen in during the war.



The time came for the conductor to make his rounds of punching tickets. When he came to Artemus, the latter inquired:

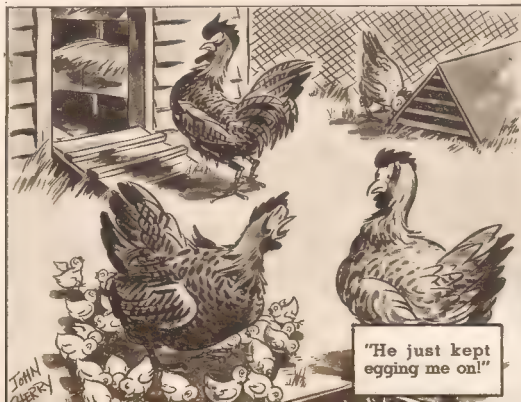
"Does this company allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

"Guess so," unwillingly admitted the conductor.

"Well," Artemus continued, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"



"All right, I can take a hint—you may go to lunch!"



"He just kept
egging me on!"



"This is the only way I'll go to
see one of those double features!"



"Now then—take a letter, Miss Hotchkiss"

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST H. G. WEAGANT

It was meal-time in a British Army mess tent. The officer of the day rapped sharply on the mess table for attention.

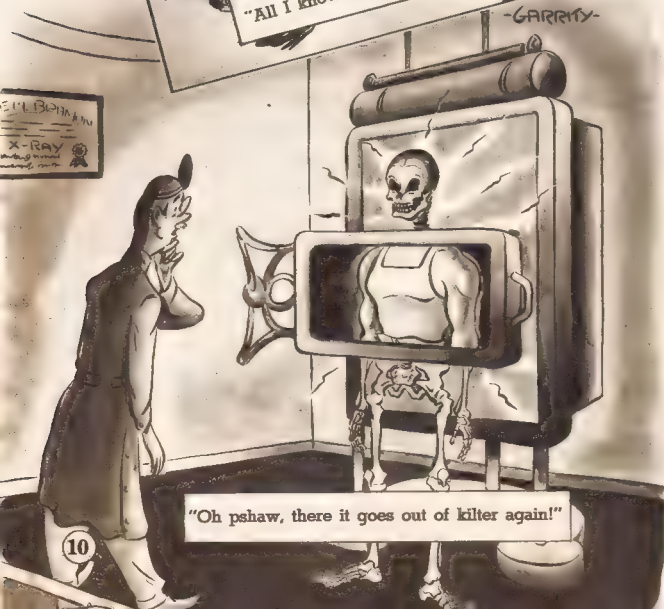
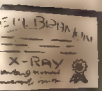
"ANY COMPLAINTS?" he snapped.

One lone soldier sprang to attention and saluted.

"Sir, this stuff is terrible," he said, pointing to his mess tin. Whereupon the officer picked it up and sampled the contents.

"Well—what's wrong with this soup?" he challenged confidently.

"SOUP!!!! That's just the trouble, sir. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE COFFEE!!!!!"



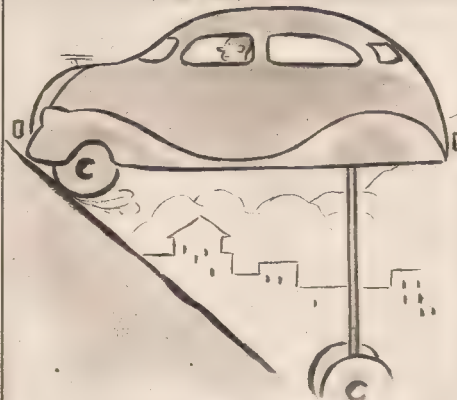


GAGGOOFS

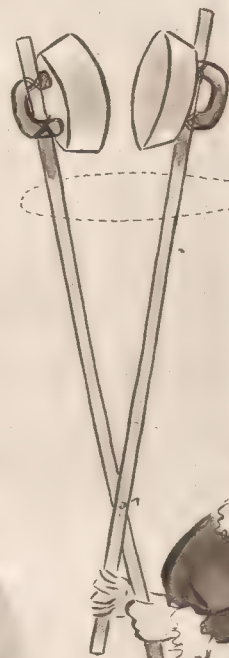
By H. G. WEAGANT



Shock absorbers for hurdle jumpers



The vertical drive shaft. Keeps car level on steep grades



A deadly fly killer that can easily be made at home



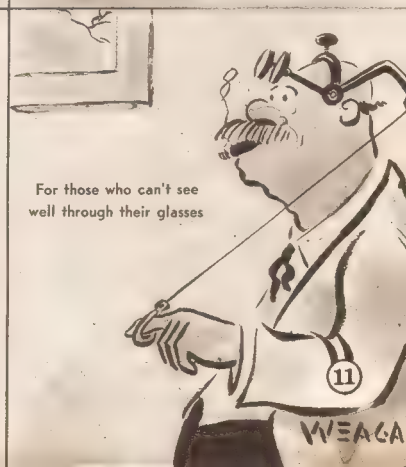
A simple way to play a side-hill lie



The straw-hat guard baffles hungry horses



Pneumatic-soled shoes for men with tender feet, and emergency pump in case of flats



For those who can't see well through their glasses



"It's the last time I'll ask an anthropologist to bring a friend!"

alex young

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST JEFF KEATE

One day a policeman came upon an inebriate leaning against a building.

"Hey, you, what are you doing there?" demanded the officer.

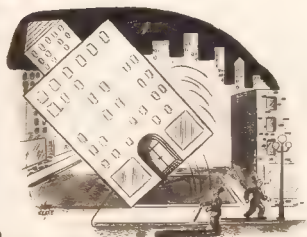
"Why, Offisher, I'm holding this building up," answered the inebriate.

"Get home with you," ordered the officer, "you're drunk."

"I warn you, Offisher," admonished the leaner.

"On your way," the officer ordered more forcefully this time.

The drunk sighed and stepped away from the building. Then all of a sudden sure enough the building did collapse.



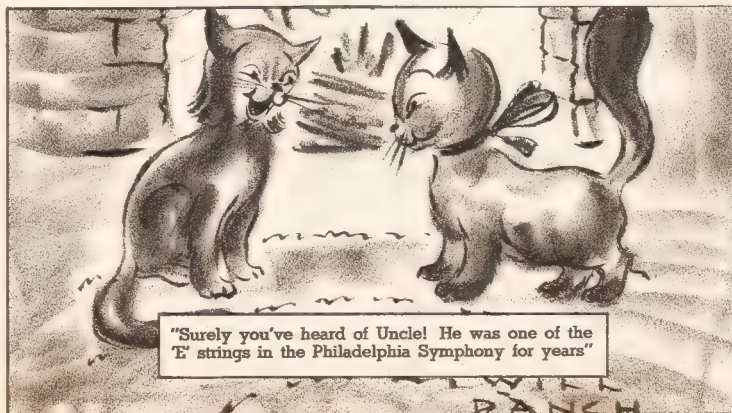
(12)



"Remember, Mr. Gildbottom, how you liked to bounce me on your knee when I was a little girl?"



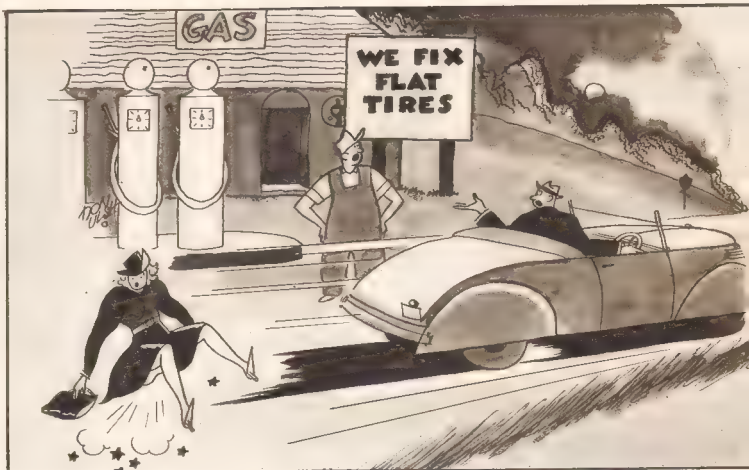
"He worries"



"Surely you've heard of Uncle! He was one of the 'E' strings in the Philadelphia Symphony for years"

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST DON ULSH

Three draftees reported to their draft board. The first one pleaded that he wasn't eligible because of fallen arches. The doctor fixed him up with arch supporters and he was pronounced fit for service. The second man pleaded weak eyes. He was fitted with glasses and pronounced fit. The third draftee said he was a perfect specimen of manhood with no defects whatever and was anxious to be sent to camp. The doctor examined him and found the young man was telling the truth, but still, in view of the other two objecting, he wanted to be absolutely sure. Taking the young man to one side the doctor inquired: "Are you perfectly certain that there has been no insanity in your family?"



"See what you can do with that one!"



"With or without mustard?"

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST M. SODERLUND

A young colored couple had just returned from their honeymoon. Mose went out to buy his bride some wedding presents and came home with a big washtub, a washboard, and a three-foot mirror.

"Whut's all de truck yo' brung?" asked Dahlia. "Is it all for me?"

"Not all," said Mose, "but yo' kin take yo' choice. Yo' kin take de tub and washboard and go to work, or yo' kin take de mirror an' set down and watch yourself starve!"



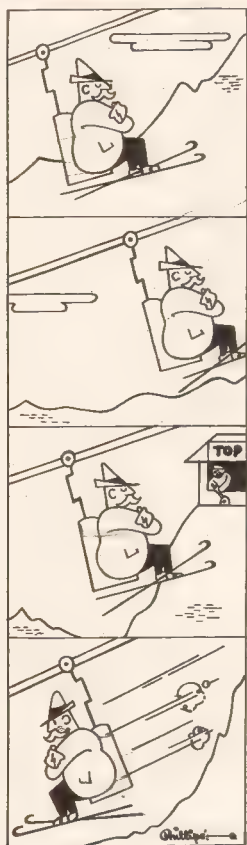
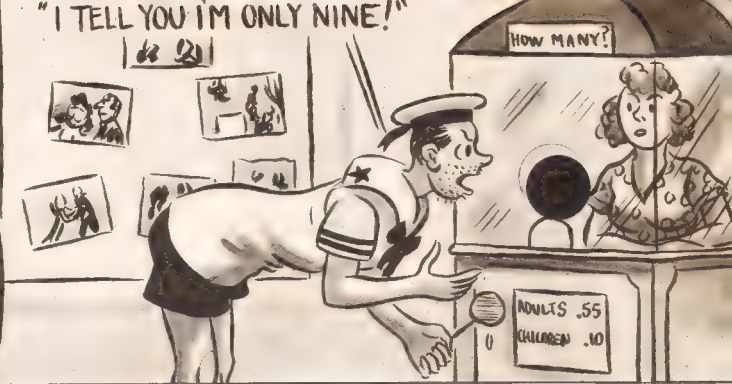
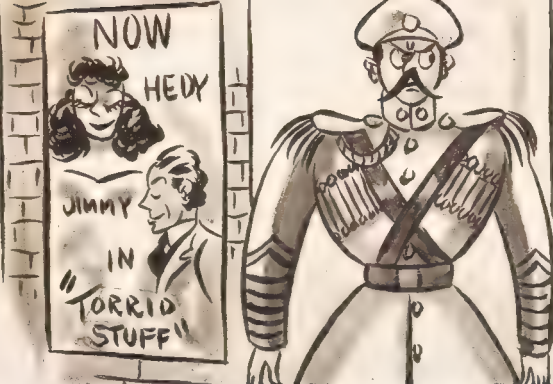
"Don't stand there like a dummy—help me find my glasses!"



"Well, why not?"



"Of course, we like you personally, but with our last doctor we got two pounds more for the same price"



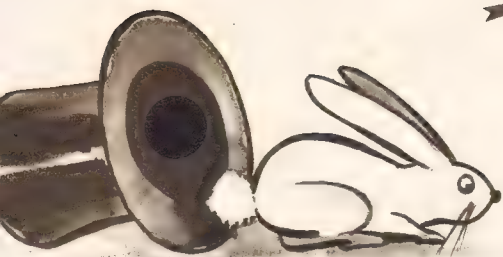
FIL-A-GAG

Imagine that! The cartoonist left this cartoon unfinished. Well, guess we'll have to finish it for him. So get your pencils, folks, and fill in the lines that you think will complete this drawing. And now we confess—it's just a Gag thought up for you of the itchy-finger clan, for on page 30 you'll find this cartoon completed as the cartoonist thought it should be.

After you've tried your talents, turn to that page and see if you improved on his idea or vice versa.

Notice to board of censors—we are not responsible for the imagination of our readers, therefore do not hold us responsible for their results.





Party Gags

In the ancient days of vaudeville Doc Rockwell used to first say:

"If you don't drink or smoke, and keep regular hours, you will live until you are a hundred and fifty years old," and then after a pause would add, "well, you may not live that long but it certainly will seem like it."

But, seeing that the girls start calling you "Grandpappy" when you hit seventy, who wants to live to be a hundred and fifty, any-

how. Of course, you might argue that: "All work and no play, will fill the barn with wholesome hay," but that's only all right if you enjoy eating hay because a car won't run on it, and you can't keep a horse in a two-by-four apartment. But that apartment is big enough in which to perform these tricks.

AND REMEMBER that other old proverb: "He for whom the hour drags, would have more fun if he read GAGS." 'Scuse pliz!



Paper Pine Tree

The pine tree is a pleasure to both young and old. It can be used as a trick and for decorative purposes at your party. To make a pine tree, take one double sheet of a newspaper from which make three equal strips. Merely fold the paper as it reads from left to right in three equal parts, crease well, and cut apart.

AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 1-D, take one of the strips and roll it up, the first roll should be about an inch in diameter.

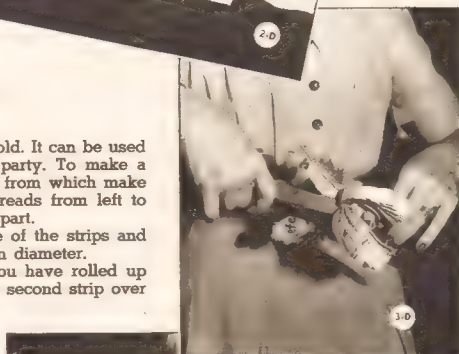
AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 2-D, when you have rolled up all but about five inches of the first strip, lap the second strip over what is left of the first and continue to roll until about five inches of the second strip remains. Then lap the third strip over this and roll all the way.

Next put a rubber band about midway down the roll and crease the upper half of the roll, leaving the bottom half round. Make four equal cuts in the upper half of the roll AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 3-D.

Now hold the bottom half firmly with one hand while with the other hand you take hold of the innermost sheet AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 4-D. Pull it out gradually and your tree will start forming.

ILLUSTRATION 5-D shows the pine tree completed.

This can be used to decorate the basement for your next party. For this purpose you can use colored crepe or other kinds of colored paper. Use two colors. Should you want to imitate a tree use two sheets of green paper and one sheet of brown. Or if you want to just enhance the beauty of those basement walls, then use your own imagination and employ color combinations that better suit your taste.



To Make the Music of a Fork Come from a Glass or Several Glasses



To perform this illusion, AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 1-B, merely hold the handle of the fork in the left hand and rest your hand on a bare table; but do not allow the fork to touch the table. Then with the thumb and index finger of the right hand take a hold on the tips of the two center prongs and pluck them like the strings on a guitar.



AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 2-B immediately place these two fingers into the glass which you must have ready near by, and at the same time, without being detected by your audience, allow the end of the fork handle to touch the table. In this way you will create the illusion of making the music come from the glass.

If you work quickly enough you can use several glasses by placing your hand in each one and removing the fork from the table while your hand travels from one glass to another and then grounding it on the table again at the proper time.

This effect is created because when you pluck the fork you cause the prongs to vibrate, and when you ground the fork the vibration becomes louder, that's why it is important to properly time the grounding of the fork with the placing of the fingers in the glass or glasses.



The Glass That Disappears

The disappearing glass trick requires only a whisky glass, a sheet of newspaper and a coin (borrow the last from one of your audience). To perform this trick you must sit as close as possible to a table opposite your listeners. (Not like the young lady in the illustrations. She is sitting at a distance only for the purpose of making photographs that would explain the trick better.) Also bend slightly over the table in performing this trick. Having prepared yourself with a sheet of newspaper and a dry glass, turn the glass upside down and cover it with the newspaper.

AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 1-A, squeeze the paper around the glass until the paper distinctly takes on the shape of the glass. Then place the coin on the table and ask one of the listeners to hold it down and to remove his finger only as you are covering the coin with the glass and the newspaper. Next push the glass, coin, and all in a ring on the table close to the edge. Lift the glass and paper once to show the audience that the coin is still there. Replace the glass and paper on the coin and continue pushing it around the table.

AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 2-A, during one of the turns allow the glass to fall into your lap. After you've succeeded in doing this, continue to push the paper and the coin around the table some more. As the paper will keep the glass' shape the audience will think it is still there. The further deception is in the fact that you've been speaking about the coin all the time.

Walking Matches

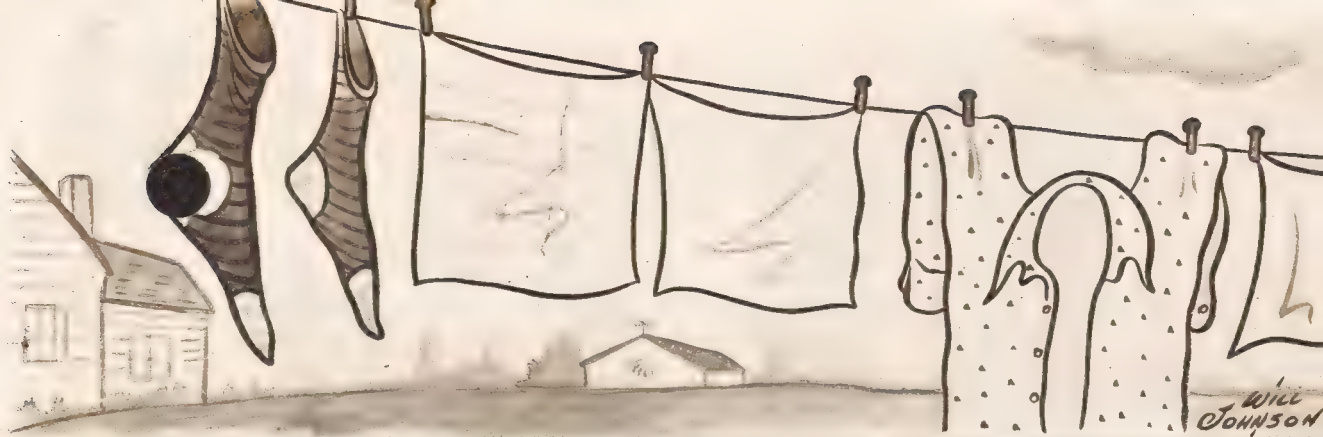
This is really a mystifier, yet easy to do. Make a V of two wooden matches by slitting the unsulphured end of one match and tapering the unsulphured end of another and then join them together. Leave the sulphured ends as they are, that helps the trick. Straddle these matches over a butter knife close to the handle.

AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION 1-C, clasp the knife in your hand and then hold it on the table with the knife pointing straight ahead. The sulphured ends of the matches should just touch the table-top. Hold your hand in a perfectly natural manner and you will, after a few seconds, see the matches start moving toward the end of the knife. The only secret to this is that the natural vibration of the hand causes the matches to move.



ILLUSTRATION 3-A SHOWS how you bring on the climax of this trick with a bang. Suddenly stop the revolution of the coin and paper on the table and strike the paper where the glass is supposed to be with your open hand and with plenty of strength. Everybody will expect the glass to be smashed to pieces. But when you next pick up the paper and display the coin but no glass, you will have given your audience their second surprise. And when you reach under the table and bring forth the glass from your lap just say: "And there's your glass pushed right through wood of the table without making a hole or damaging the glass." That will be their third surprise.





FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST R. C. DELL

One of two inebriates saw that the other had found something he was hiding in one clenched fist. He asked what it was and the other told him to guess. After guessing a horse, a wheelbarrow, and a wigwam, the first inebriate finally had to give up and the other showed him it was a quarter. Thereupon they both decided it would be swell to get some beer. The one with the quarter went into the tavern and asked the bartender for twenty-five cents' worth of beer. The bartender asked if he'd drink it there or wanted to take it out. The drunk said he wanted to take it out to share with his friend.



"Got anything to take it in?" asked the bartender.

For a second the drunk was nonplused, then he brightened up and said: "Sure, here's my hat, put it in that," and he held it out.

The bartender looked at him with raised brows, but took the hat and filled it, handing it back to him saying: "There's a little bit more you should get for your quarter, but where can I put it?"

The drunk said: "Oh, that's easy, put the rest in here," and he turned the hat over and made a dent in the top.

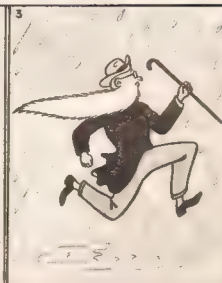
In a minute or two the drunk waiting outside saw his friend returning carefully balancing a little pool of beer in the top of a felt hat carried before him.

"Is that all the beer you got for a quarter?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the other, "the rest is in here," and he turned the hat upside down again.

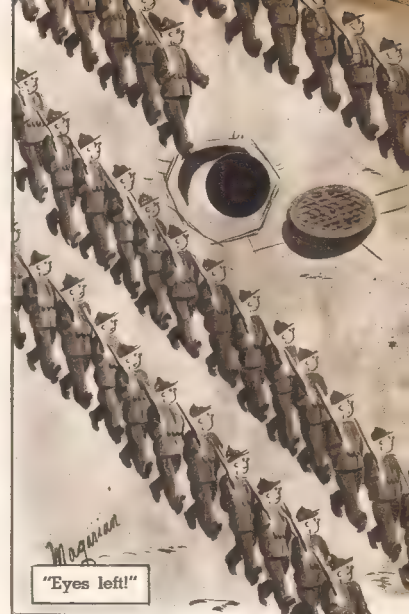


"Aw, come on—what are you?"





"Let's dance this one out"



"Eyes left!"

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

My favorite story concerns the colored WPA worker who went into the local bank to cash his weekly pay-check. He somewhat slowly scrawled his signature on the back of the check and then presented it at the cashier's window.



Suspiciously he watched as the cashier counted out the amount, and then stood for some moments in front of the window methodically counting the bills and change over and over, all the while looking a bit puzzled. The cashier, noting his anxiety, asked, "What's wrong, Rastus?"

Didn't I give you enough money?" The darky scratched his head and then replied dubiously, "Yassuh, boss, but you just BARELY did!"



"Now listen, screwball—I wish you'd make up your mind where you want me!"



"The local garden club takes pleasure in presenting you with this box of grass seed!"

BOSWELLED BY JOHNSON



Legs on a table
are meant to be stable,
but we think this nice,
it gives them some spice



Here's an item
needs no text.
What will someone
think of next?



This old maid has
turned the tables!
Whose extremities?
they're Gable's



That's his walking stick
you see—
he just loves
to fondle a knee



Here we go
completely nerts
and dress the darn thing
up with skirts



She figured this
would bring no harms—
and all good chairs
must have some arms

FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST WILL JOHNSON

Two pigeons were chatting in a Chicago park the other morning. One of them suggested that they meet again that night and have dinner together.

"Fine," said the second pigeon. "I have to fly to Detroit today, but I'll be back early. I'll meet you here at eight o'clock."



"Okay," said his friend. So the second pigeon took off for Detroit.

That night at eight o'clock the first pigeon was at the appointed place in the park, but the other pigeon wasn't there. Nine o'clock came. Still he didn't come. Ten o'clock. No second pigeon. The first pigeon was tired waiting, so he disgustedly ate dinner and went home.

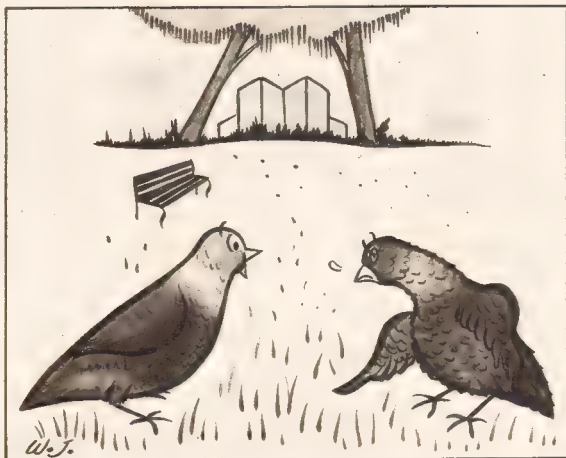
The next day the same two chanced to meet in the park again. The one that had gone to Detroit was a sad-looking sight. His feathers were ruffled and dusty and his eyes bloodshot.

The other pigeon looked him over and demanded excitedly: "What happened? I thought you were going to meet me last night. What's wrong? You look terrible. What happened? Tell me quick!"

"Well," he said, "you know I flew to Detroit . . . I had a swell trip down there . . ."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well, it was such a fine day I decided to walk back."



"Dad, meet Bill Ellis—
he's with the circus"



"Offhand, I'd say he
has water on the knee!"



"Do you mind, Miss Meyer? I have
to pace the floor when I dictate"



FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST I. W. PHILLIPS

An old-fashioned medicine show was holding down a street corner in an Arkansas mountain town. Old Doc Corkner was expounding energetically on the merits of his magic "Whale Tail Oil."

"Good for man or beast," he ranted. "A boon to any household. If you wake up with that droopy feeling, if your mule avoids you, if your joints creak or you get out of breath while wrestling with grizzly bears, try a giant size bottle of Old Doc Corkner's 'Whale Tail Oil.' Step right up, folks. Only fifty cents, four bits or one-half of a silver dollar."



As doc paused and squinted through the crowd for his first sucker, a thatch-faced hill-billy with bleary eyes elbowed his way forward.

"Hey, Doc!" he called unsteadily. "Do you reckon that blasted yarb juice o' yourn would help mah Oncle Wertner? He went to bed with a jug o' corn likker over a year ago an' he's been rasslin' pink polka-dotted rattlesnakes ever since."

"Ye gods!" exclaimed the quack. "Why haven't you consulted a doctor before now?"

"Wahl," drawled the hillbilly, "Ah jest ain't had tha time. Ah been settin' outside his winder with a jug o' mah oun, shootin' 'em as he throws 'em out."





FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST JIMMY CABORN

Probably one of the funniest gags I've heard in some time is the one about the "quickie" motion-picture studio on Hollywood's "Poverty Row." The studio was typical of those that turn out super sagas on a shoe-string and of the class-Z variety. The producer was director, leading man, technical advisor, property man, script writer, etc.



They were finishing up one of their mellow dramas that packed powerful love interest entitled "Patches to Penthouses," or maybe it was something more bucolic, like "Beulah of the Bayous." The producer, director, leading man, technical advisor, property man, script writer and etc., who doubled in brass and tripled in corn was acting out a sequence where he was proposing marriage to the heroine.

Suddenly the camera stopped grinding and the solitary cameraman shouted: "Sorry, chief, we've only got a few feet of film left—whadda we gonna do?" The hero rushed to his typewriter and once more became script writer. He hurriedly made a few changes in the dialog and after a brief rehearsal the camera was again rolling.

HERO: "Beulah, my beloved, you're the most beautiful thing in my life—but, alas, I can't marry you!"

HEROINE: "(gasps) Basil! . . . Basil, but why? . . . (sob)."

HERO: "I can't marry you because (voice breaks) it costs the studio seven bucks to hire an extra to play the part of the parson; we don't have a wedding gown in our wardrobe department . . . AND THE HELL OF IT IS WE'RE OUT OF FILM!" . . . (juke-box musical score rises to crescendo).

(FADEOUT)





"If you think I'm going to cook THAT for supper—you're crazy!"



"The jig's up!"

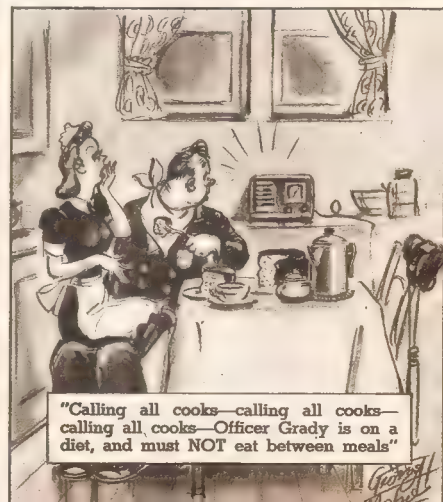
FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CARTOONIST ERIC ERICSON

There were two gents of Swedish extraction who wanted to go to Staten Island, so they decided to take the ferry. After they paid their fares Olie



wanted to buy a package of cigarettes and Oscar went aboard the boat to wait for him. Well, the ferry all of a sudden started to go and Olie was still on the dock at the cigar stand. The boat was quite a ways out as

Olie came running up. Oscar leaned over the boat rail and yelled in great excitement: "Yump, Olie, yump . . . Ay tank you can make it in two yumps!"



"Calling all cooks—calling all cooks—calling all cooks—Officer Grady is on a diet, and must NOT eat between meals"



J. K.



"It's nothing serious, Mrs. Wilmot—
just a little too much Napoleon brandy"



"It's things like that that
makes me love him"

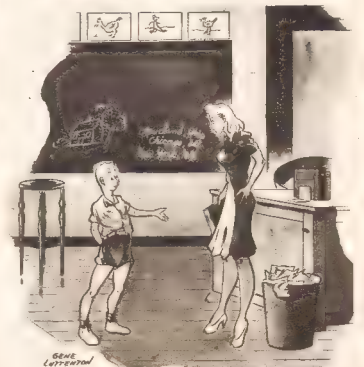
FAVORITE GAG OF OUR CONTRIBUTING CAR- TOONIST G. LUTTENTON

There is a precocious six-year-old boy in Auburn, Me., who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony:

"M-A-T-R-I-M-O-N-Y," said the youngster promptly.

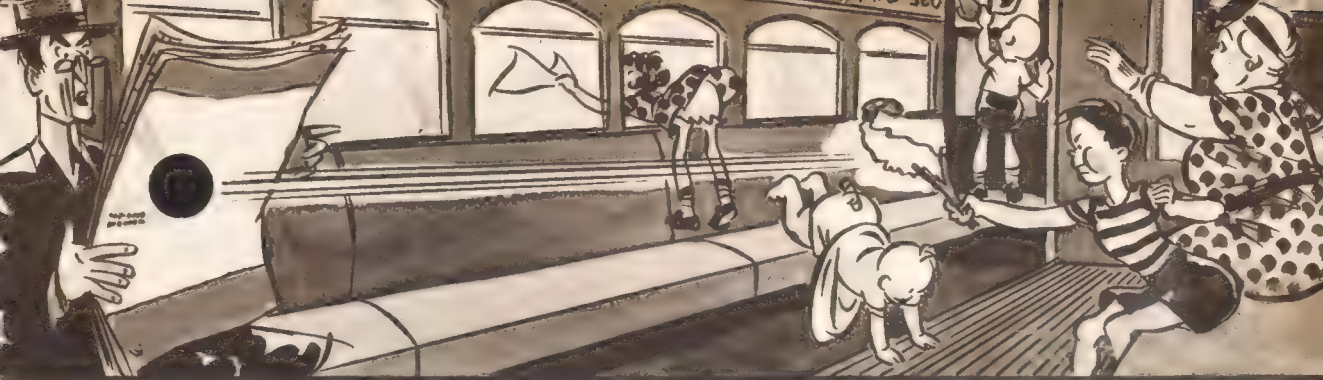
"Now define it," said the teacher.

"Well," replied the boy, "I don't exactly know what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it!"

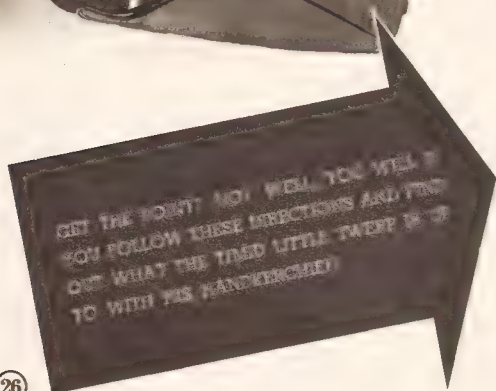


G. Luttenton





"Wouldn't it be simpler just to tell me what you want?"

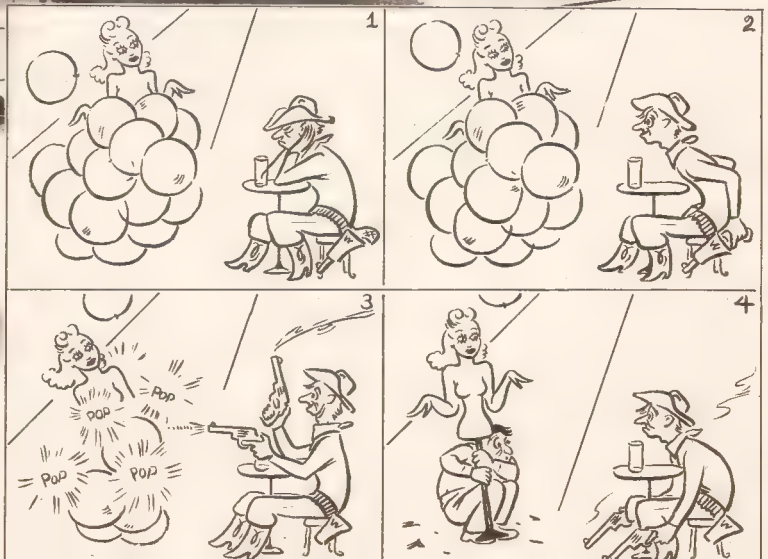
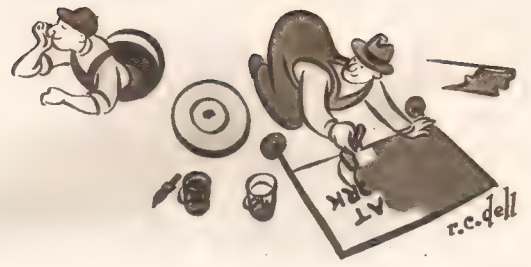


1. Spread a man's handkerchief flat on the table.
2. Fold the outside edges in to the middle.
3. Pick up the folded handkerchief at the half-way point on each side and let it fold back down over your forefingers.
4. Lay it on the table, still folded, and pick up the two corners to your left with the thumb and forefinger of your left hand—and the two corners to your right with your right hand.
5. Now grip the corners tightly and pull your hands as far apart as the handkerchief will allow—and hold them up to your chest!





"Quick, Beulah, the towel! I
won't have Mr. Baxter know I'm
taking bubble baths just for him!"



K A A A



SONG-GAG—A NEW GAME

Each of the songs below is an old favorite. No doubt you can hum or whistle each and every one of them, but can you remember the full titles of all of them? Think you can? Then go ahead fill in the missing parts of the titles, you'll find it a fascinating game. All the missing parts are names of the type explained by each heading. **HOW TO SCORE:** Count two for each song-title completed correctly, nothing for those

which are missed or filled in incorrectly. A score of 76 to 80 is average; 80 to 94 is very good; 94 to 100 means you've been listening to your radio too much. **SUGGESTION:** For a party game make several copies of the list below, give your guests a certain length of time to fill it out, then compute scores, giving a prize for the highest "Song-Gag." Answers on page 30.

GIRLS' NAMES

1. _____, I Dream of Lilac Time
2. _____ Doesn't Live Here Any More
3. The Bird on _____'s Hat
4. Sweet _____
5. Don't Bring _____
6. Darling _____ Grey
7. My Gal _____
8. I'll Take You Home Again _____
9. Di _____
10. Ma _____

BOYS' NAMES

11. _____'s Ragtime Band
12. My _____
13. _____ Google
14. _____ Boy
15. Waltz Me Around Again _____
16. I'm Just Wild About _____
17. Oh _____

18. _____ Deever
19. _____ Bailey Won't You Please Come Home

THOROUGHFARES

20. The _____ of Broken Dreams
21. _____ Street
22. The Lonesome _____
23. Sally in Our _____
24. On the _____ to Mandalay
25. _____ Rag
26. The Belle of _____

KINDS OF TRANSPORTATION

27. Come Josephine in My _____
28. Swing Low Sweet _____
29. On a _____ Built for Two
30. _____ Bill

FOOD

31. When I Take My _____ to _____
32. Life is Just a Bowl of _____

33. A Cup of _____, a _____ And You
34. _____ for Two

PLACES

35. Along the Rocky Road to _____
36. Shuffle Off to _____
37. April in _____
38. Back Home Again in _____
39. Co _____
40. In a Little _____ Town
41. Sidewalks of _____
42. _____ Town
43. The Blue _____
44. Carry Me Back to Old _____
45. Beautiful _____
46. _____ Here I Come

TIME OF DAY

47. Dinner at _____
48. About a _____ to _____
49. On the _____
50. _____ o'Clock in the _____



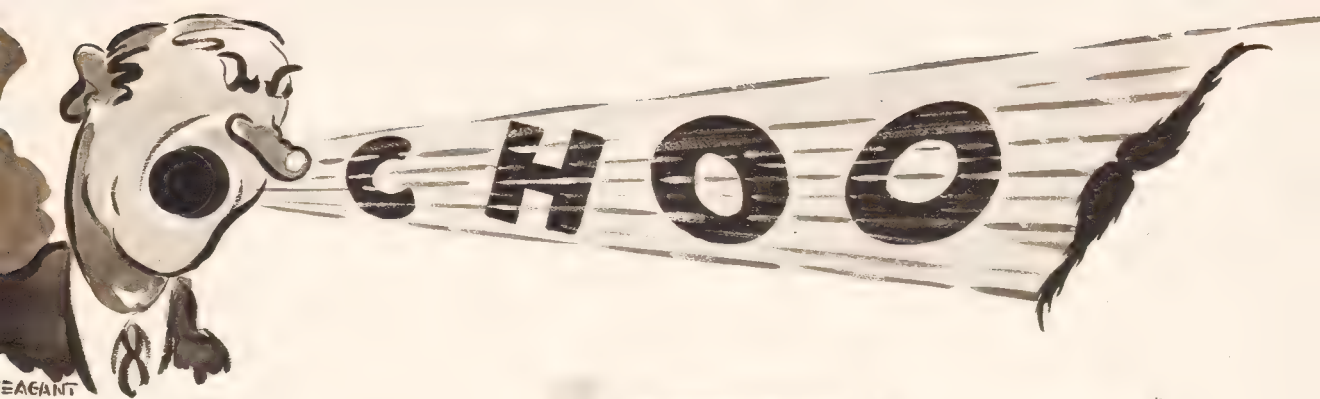
"Oh boy! Look at that umbrella!"



"—names and places are purely fictitious. If the name of any living person is used, it is entirely accidental"



"Please, madam, I assure you I don't want an aspirin!"



EAGANT



ANSWERS TO SONG-GAGS (on page 29)

GIRLS' NAMES

1. JEANNINE, I Dream of Lilac Time
2. ANNIE Doesn't Live Here Any More
3. The Bird on NELLIE'S Hat
4. Sweet ADELINE
5. Don't Bring LULU
6. Darling NELLIE Grey
7. My Gal SAL
8. I'll Take You Home Again KATH-LEEN
9. DINAH
10. MARGIE

BOYS' NAMES

11. ALEXANDER'S Ragtime Band
12. My BILL
13. BARNEY Google
14. DANNY Boy
15. Waltz Me Around Again WILLIE
16. I'm Just Wild About HARRY
17. OH JOHNNY
18. DANNY Deever
19. BILL Bailey Won't You Please Come Home
20. The THOROUGHFARES of Broken Dreams
21. 42ND Street
22. The Lonesome ROAD
23. Sally In Our ALLEY
24. On the ROAD to Mandalay
25. TWELFTH STREET Rag

26. The Belle of AVENUE A
27. Come Josephine In My FLYING MACHINE
28. Swing Low Sweet CHARIOT
29. On a BICYCLE Built for Two
30. STEAMBOAT BILL
31. When I Take My SUGAR to TEA
32. Life is Just a Bowl of CHERRIES
33. A Cup of COFFEE, a SANDWICH And You
34. TEA for Two
35. Along the Rocky Road to DUBLIN
36. Shuffle Off to BUFFALO
37. April in PARIS
38. Back Home Again in INDIANA
39. CONSTANTINOPLE
40. In a Little SPANISH Town
41. Sidewalks of NEW YORK
42. AVALON Town
43. The Blue DANUBE
44. Carry Me Back to Old VIRGINNY
45. Beautiful OHIO
46. CALIFORNIA Here I Come
47. TIME OF DAY
48. Dinner at EIGHT
49. About a QUARTER to NINE
50. THREE o'Clock in the MORNING

Answer to
FIL-A-GAG
(on page 15)



"FROM WHOLE TO HOLE!"

To take his place beside the tailor who sews together moth holes to make suits for the little man who wasn't there, Gags has hired a special hole editor to dispose of the waste-paper which results from the exclusive hole feature in this

publication. Since his job is to get rid of 21,600,000 holes each month, and since it is the only job of its kind in the world, Gags here-with presents his problem and shows how he solved it with truly incredible efficiency.



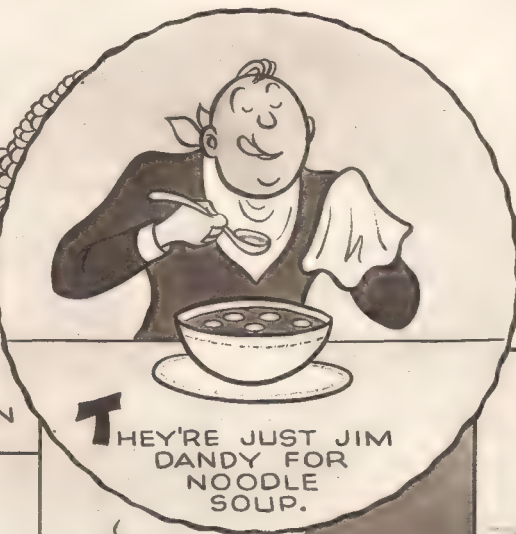
WE HAVE SO MANY FILLINGS FOR HOLES THE EDITOR'S CAT COMES TO WORK ON SNOWSHOES.



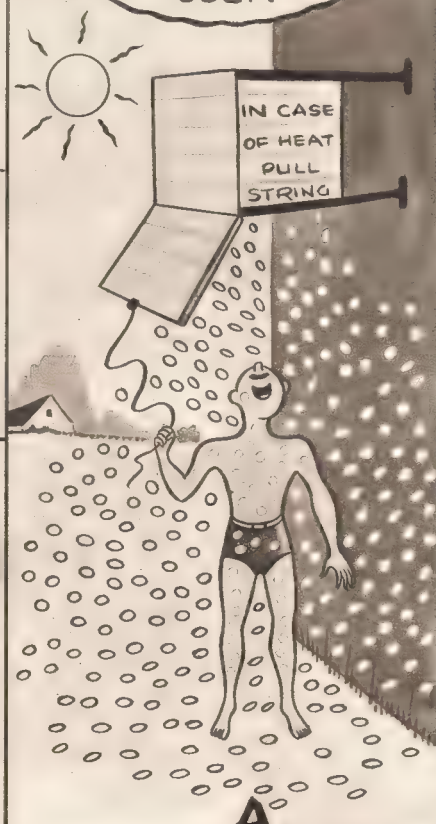
WE LOANED SOME TO A LEOPARD WE KNOW — HE WANTED TO CHANGE HIS SPOTS.



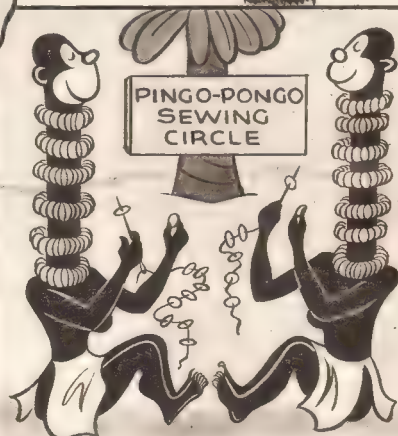
WE LOVE TO FEED THE PIGEONS IN THE PARK.



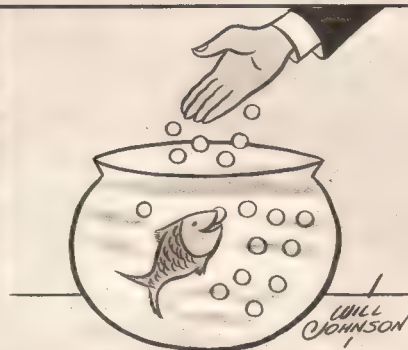
THEY'RE JUST JIM DANDY FOR NOODLE SOUP.



A SNOW-STORM IS MOST REFRESHING ON A HOT SUMMER'S DAY.



TO CEMENT FRIENDLY RELATIONS THE PUBLISHERS SENT THESE NATIVES SOME FOR NECKWEAR --- HERE'S THEIR SEWING CIRCLE SEWING CIRCLES.

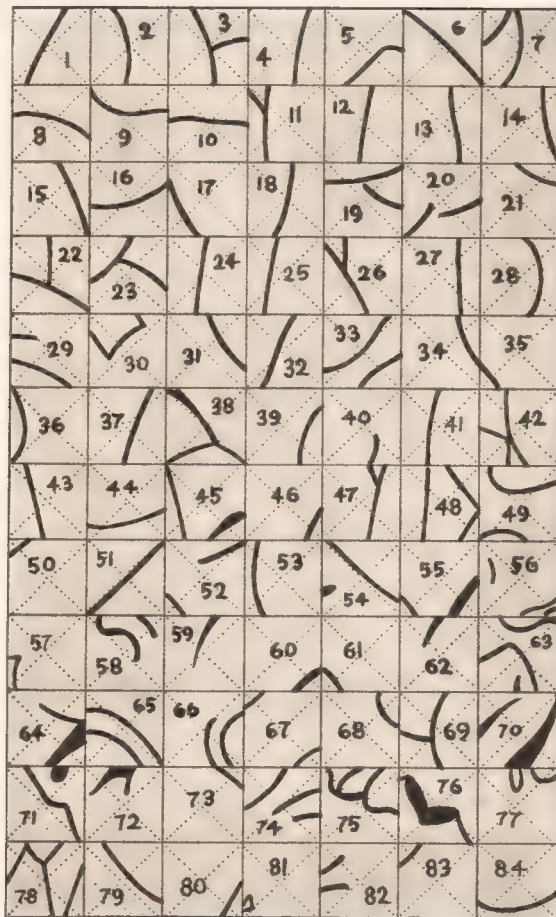


HE THOUGHT THEY WERE TERRIFIC ERSATZ FISH WAFERS — ONLY ONCE.

WILL JOHNSON

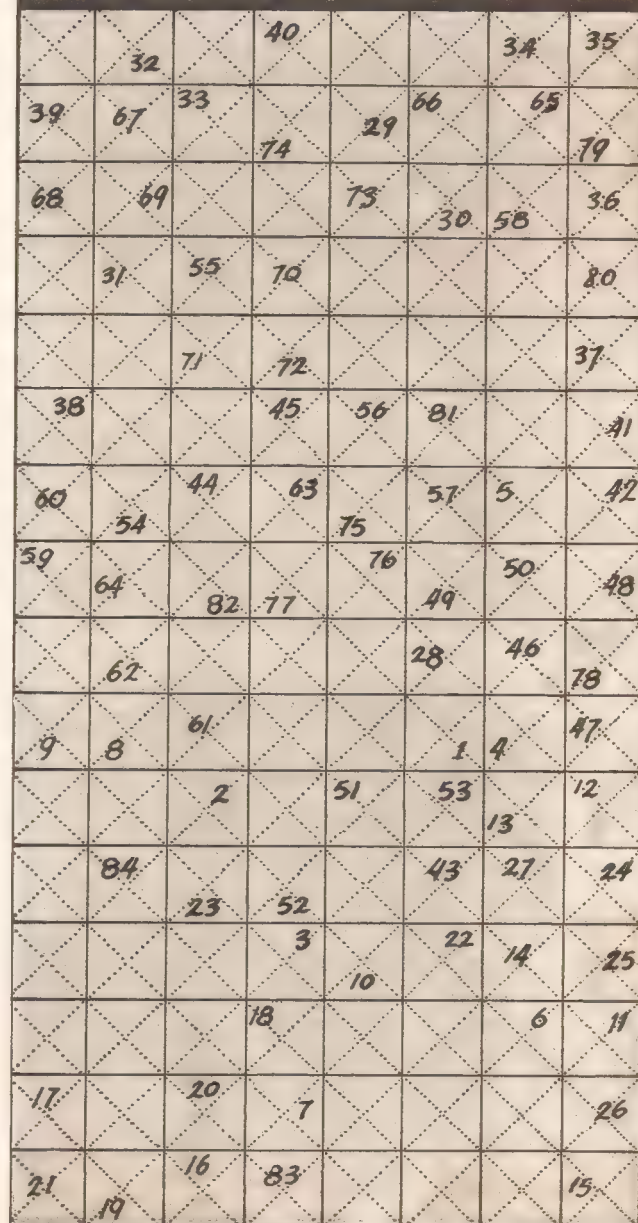


GAGADOO



—Copyright, 1941

TO SOLVE the Gagadoo, copy the lines drawn above in the identically numbered squares on the large panel, right. (Find square number one above and transfer the lines shown there into square number one of the large panel at right. Continue until all squares are filled in.) The exactness with which you copy the lines onto the large panel will govern your solution. To compare yours with the original, cut out the squares on panel above and arrange them as numbered on the panel, right.









GAGS

SEPT. 10¢ MLP

IN THIS ISSUE

over 100 cartoons, gags and games galore

- | | | | |
|-----------|----------|-----------------|------------------|
| Gagoofy | Gagadoo | Lines on a Limb | Handkerchief Gag |
| Fil-a-gag | Song Gag | Knock-Knock Gag | Party Gags |

AND MORE

Medill

Medill

